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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

### A SISTER'S VOICE.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Oh! at the sound of that dear name, the past,  
Unlocked by memory's key, is once more mine!  
Give me the magic wand, whose every touch  
Re-animates the dead—returns to life  
Our loved ones, that have vanished from the earth!  
Unrolls the scroll of pleasant memories—  
Brings forth to light pictures of other days,  
And scenes of home, all bright and beautiful,  
—Voice of my sainted Sister!

Thou art gone

To swell the throng on the empyreal plains  
Of Heaven—but the music of thy voice,  
Tender and soft, falleth upon the ear  
As it was wont to fall in by-gone days.  
Methinks I hear thee now calling me home!  
I come not now, my sister, but thy voice  
Shall teach me the vile tempter's snare to shun—  
Shall win my love for virtue's flowery path—  
And when my heart would fain consent to sin,  
Be thou my guardian angel and my shield,  
Till I go up to meet thee in the skies,  
And, voices re-united, join in one  
Eternal hymn of praise.

### LOVING SMILES.

The sun may warm the grass to life,  
The dew the drooping flower,  
And eyes grow bright that watch the light  
Of Autumn's opening hour—  
But words that breathe of tenderness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
Are warmer than the summer time,  
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,  
With all its subtle art,  
And gold and gems are not the things  
To satisfy the heart;  
But oh! if those who cluster round  
The altar and the hearth,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is earth!

[From the London Keepsake for 1852.]

### The Queen's Opera.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Of the Haymarket Opera, my account, in fine,  
Is this: Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding at  
discretion; a hall as of the Caliphs Alraschid, or  
him that commanded the slaves of the Lamp; as if  
fitted up by the genies, regardless of expense.  
Upholstery and the outlay of human capital, could  
do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have  
been got together from the ends of the world, re-  
gardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and  
singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft.  
One singer in particular, called Coletti or some  
such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face,  
by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing,  
so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and  
ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sym-  
pathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man  
of genius as we term it; stamped by Nature as a  
candidate for other work than squalling here, like a  
blind Samson, to make the Philistines sport!

Now, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a  
distinguished kind; and must, by their own and  
other people's labor, have got a training equal or  
superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and  
patient travail, to what breeds men to the most  
arduous trades. I speak not of kings' grandees,  
or the like show-figures; but few soldiers, judges,  
men of letters, can have had such pains taken with  
them. The very ballet girls, with their muslin  
scaucers round them, were perhaps little short of  
miraculous, whirling and spinning there in strange  
swad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing the  
selves motionless, each upon her left or right great-  
toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle  
of ninety degrees; as if you had suddenly pricked  
into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or  
rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad, restless  
jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden  
them rest, with open blades, and stand still, in the  
Devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvelous,  
almost miraculous, were not the people there  
so used to it. Motion peculiar to the Opera; per-  
haps the ugliest, and surely one of the most diffi-  
cult, ever taught a female creature in this world.  
Nature abhors it; but Art does at least admit it to  
border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or  
Tagioni the Second, that night when I was there,  
went bounding from the floor as if she had been  
made of indian-rubber, or filled with hydrogen  
gas and inclined by positive levity to bolt through  
the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catharine  
the Second had bred herself so carefully.

Such talent, and such martyrdom of training,  
gathered from the four winds, was now here, to  
do its feat and be paid for it. Regardless of ex-  
pense, indeed! The purse of Fortunatus seemed  
to have opened itself, and the divine art of  
Musical Sound and Rhythmic Motion was wel-  
comed with an explosion of all magnificences  
which the other arts, fine and coarse, could  
achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or  
Bellini in the rear of it, too; to say nothing of the

Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists,  
engineers, enterprisers; fit to have taken Gibralt-  
ar, written the History of England, or reduced  
Ireland into Industrial Regime its, had they so  
set their minds to it!

Alas, and of all the notable or noticeable hu-  
man talents, and excellent perseverances and en-  
ergies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led  
by the divine art of Music and Rhythm vouch-  
safed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be  
the issue here this evening? An hour's amuse-  
ment, not amusing either, but wearisome and  
dreary, to a high dizenized select Populace of  
male and female persons, who seemed to me not  
worth much amusing! Could any one have pealed into  
their hearts once, one true thought, and glimpse  
of Self-vision; "High dizenized, most expensive  
persons, Aristocracy so called, or Best of the  
World, beware, beware what proofs you give of  
betterness and bestness!" And then the salutary  
pang of conscience in reply: "A select Populace,  
with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the  
posture-maker: good Heavens! if that were  
what, here and everywhere in God's Creation, I  
am! And a world all dying because I am, and  
show myself to be, and to have long been, even  
that? John, the carriage, the carriage: swill!  
Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps  
to sackcloth and ashes!" This, and no amuse-  
ment, would have profited those high-dizenized  
persons.

Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from  
Euterpe and Melpomene. These two Muses, sent  
or, regardless of expense, I could see, were but  
the vehicle of a kind service which I judged to be  
aphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes  
used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not en-  
tirely for looking at the stage. And it must be  
owned the light in this explosion of all the uphol-  
steries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was  
magical; and made your fair one an Armida—  
if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old Im-  
proper Females (of quality,) in their rouge and  
jewels, even these looked some reminiscence of  
enchantment; and I saw this and the other lean  
Jomestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn  
face; this and the other Marquis Singed-omme,  
Prince Mahogany, or the like former Dignitary,  
tripping into the boxes of said Females, grinning  
here awhile; with dyed moustachios and macas-  
sar-oil graciousity, and then tripping out again,  
and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito  
and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompani-  
ment here.

Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes!  
Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into  
her drink, in mere waste; which was reckoned  
foolish of her. But here had the Modern Aristoc-  
racy of men brought the divinest of Arts, heav-  
enly Music itself; and, piling all the upholsteries  
and ingenuities that other human art could do,  
and lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an  
hour's flirtation of Singed-omme, Mahogany,  
and these improper persons! Never in Nature  
had I seen such waste before. O Coletti, you  
whose inborn melody, once of kindred as I judged  
you "the Melodies eternal," might have valiantly  
weeded out this and other false things from the  
ways of men, and made it a bit of God's creation  
more melodious—they have purchased you a way  
from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince  
Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for  
a macassar Singed-omme, and his improper fem-  
ales past the prime of life! Wretched spiritual  
Nigger, if you had some genius, and were not a  
born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin,  
—should you have endured such a lot? I lament  
for you beyond all other expenses. Other expen-  
ses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that  
should have been hung into Mahogany's claret-  
cup. And Rossini too, and Mozart, and Bellini—  
Oh, Heavens, when I think that Music too is con-  
demned to be mad and to burn herself, to this  
end, on such a funeral pile.—your celestial Opera-  
house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind  
its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death;  
through it too I look not "up into the divine eye,"  
as Richter has it, "but down into the bottomless  
eyesocket"—not up towards God, Heaven, and  
the Throne of Truth, but too truly down towards  
Falsity, Vacuity, and the dwelling-place of Ever-  
lasting Despair.

THE PRIDE OF DOING NO WORK.—There are  
men—we blush to call them men—who turn up  
their noses at the mechanic and humble laborer  
Being liberally educated, as it is called, they look  
down with a sort of contempt on those who, in  
many cases, have contributed to their support.  
"You need not despise a spinning wheel," said  
an old lady to her pompous son, one day, "for  
many a night have I worked at it to get money to  
send you to school." There are women, too,  
who will not touch a needle with their delicate  
hands, who laugh at the poor and industrious  
who learn trades, or work in factories.—a living.  
"La! how unrefined they are," says with a  
scornful smile as she lounges in a sofa, reading  
the last pink of a novel.

We once knew a lady—shall we call her a lady?  
—of this complexion. She was lately belab-  
oring a poor-hard working girl, calling her  
low and unrefined. "Why," said she, "her father  
was nothing but a low mechanic!" "Yes,"  
remarked a woman present, "her father was a  
mechanic. I knew him well, for he lived in the  
same neighborhood with your mother when she  
went out washing!" There, reader, if you had  
been present, you could have seen a strange con-  
fusion of faces, and heard a vain attempt to utter  
something too quickly to get out. It stuck in her  
throat.

When we hear men and women speak lightly  
of the industrious part of the community, we  
feel just like tracing back their genealogy. We  
have done so in several instances, and you would  
be surprised at what we learned. The most aris-  
tocratic man of our acquaintance is the grand-  
son of a fiddler; the proudest woman is the  
daughter of a washer-woman. It betrays a lack  
of good sense to condemn, or look with contempt  
on any virtuous person, how poor he or she may  
be. The wise and good respect and love good-  
ness wherever it is found.

### Pizarro's Grave at Lima.

In the crypt under the high altar are deposited  
the remains of the celebrated Pizarro, who was  
assassinated in a place near by. A small piece of  
silver, dropped into the hand of the acrobat, pro-  
cured me admission into the crypt. Descending  
a few steps, I entered a small place, some twenty  
feet long, quite light and white-washed, and which  
smelt and looked so much like a comfortable  
wine cellar, that I caught myself more than once  
looking around for the bins and bottles. The  
first object I saw was a large square tomb, sur-  
mounted by the erect figure of an abot, and close  
by, in opening in the wall, I noticed what appear-  
ed to be a collection of dusty rags, but a closer in-  
spection proved that this was all the remains of

the renowned conqueror of Peru. He has still  
on him the same clothes and shoes which he  
wore at the moment of his assassination. Of  
course, his body is nothing but a skeleton, cov-  
ered with dry flesh and skin, so that no features  
are discernible. The body is covered with what  
was once white linen, swathed around him, but  
the dust of centuries has collected on him, and  
turned it to a light brown color, and it almost  
pulverizes when touched. The body is placed on a  
narrow piece of plank, in a sloping position, and  
has been placed in that position merely to put it  
out of the way. The folks in Lima do not think  
anything of the remains of poor Pizarro; and I  
dare say a little money judiciously invested, would  
procure for any curiosity-hunter the whole re-  
mains.

### Manuring in the Hill and Drill.

As we suppose most of the broad cast manur-  
ing, intended for this season, is already done, we  
will devote a few thoughts, just as you are get-  
ting ready to plant, to manuring in the hill and  
drill. It is to be regretted that our means at  
command do not allow us to minister to the wants  
of our fields with a more liberal hand. But with  
so much surface to cover, as our Southern plans  
of planting seem to require, it is almost imprac-  
ticable to do all which the wants of the soil may  
demand, or our judgment might dictate, as right.  
He, therefore, may be set down as provident, who  
has provided liberally for administering, even in  
broken doses, to the wants of the coming crop.  
An excellent manure for corn, and one more or  
less at command on every farm, is cotton seed.  
We think the best plan for their use on this crop  
is to drop them at the time of planting upon the  
top of the corn, and cover all at one operation.  
The corn will come through them, and they are  
a fine protection against frosts or excess of rain,  
and can never be removed by working, as they  
are apt to be when laid upon the surface. A very  
small handful imparts great benefit to the crop.  
If stable or compost manures are to be used, they  
ought to be well rotted, especially on sandy lands.  
This also ought to be dropped in the same fur-  
row with the seed corn, but not on it, but very  
near it, and covered up also. Some persons  
choose to drop this manure upon the top of the  
hill. Much of its benefits must be lost by expo-  
sure to the sun and rains before covering, and  
much again must be displaced in the first work-  
ing.

Those manures are both good for cotton, but  
we think should be deposited much deeper in  
the earth than for corn. The roots of corn run  
much nearer the surface in seeking their sup-  
plies; the tap-root of cotton is the main feeder of  
the plant, and strikes deep into the earth for its  
food. There it should be deposited, not alone be-  
cause it is there demanded, but because the ac-  
tion of the sun upon the manure thus deep in the  
ground, is much less injurious in its effects upon  
the fruit of the cotton plant. It often happens, in  
the precariousness of the season, that by an in-  
judicious use of hot or strongly stimulating ma-  
nures, the weed is made to grow most luxuriantly,  
when a little reverse of the seasons will throw  
off most of the fruit. This may be avoided to a  
very large extent, by depositing such manure so  
deep as to be out of the reach of such influences.  
These precautions apply mainly to stable or  
strong compost manures. Yet we advise all ma-  
nures intended for cotton to be deposited deeper  
than those for corn, as better suiting their habits  
of the plant, and protecting against the scorching  
sun of August, the month in which the fate of  
the cotton crop is generally settled. We do not  
say much about the quantity to be used, as you  
will be in no danger of doing too much. A hand-  
ful of stable manure, or of cotton seed either,  
dropped at distances of two feet in the bottom of  
a deep furrow, to be covered up in forming the  
bed, will do much benefit. Let the opening fur-  
row for planting be over the manure, and sow the  
second in the drill, and the young roots will soon  
find these supplies, and before thinning time, the  
plant will begin to show its keeping. We might  
talk about other manures, but as these constitute  
the stock mainly of the country, we deem it use-  
less to say more.—Soil of the South.

### The Bride Shipped to Order.

BY LAURIE TODD.

I lived in Virginia during the winter of 1848.  
At an evening party at Richmond there were  
twelve mothers, twelve daughters, and a toler-  
able sprinkling of fathers, sons, widows and  
widowers present, with Laurie Todd in their  
midst; and you may be sure we had some fun.  
Conversing with an ancient lady, she remarked  
that her grandfather left Scotland when young,  
and settled in Virginia. He became a merchant  
and a planter and grew rich. His agent in  
Glasgow was Alexander McAlpin, to whom  
he consigned two or three cargoes of tobacco  
every year, and received in return cash, hard-  
ware, dry goods, &c. He had flocks and  
herds, men servants and maid-servants, horses  
and mules; but, one thing he yet lacked—he  
had no pretty wife to sing with him when he  
came home at night, fatigued with counting  
money, and satiated with worldly pelf, for he  
had more of that than heart could wish. So,  
after a while, he concluded to take a wife—  
as soon as he could catch one.

But here was the rub. His time was so oc-  
cupied by business that he could not find time  
to look about him for a wife; and worse than  
all he was a bashful man.—When he saw a  
maiden of twenty advancing in his path, he  
would cross the street, fearful of being killed  
by a shot from her sparkling eyes. But a reme-  
dy was at hand, however. He had often heard  
his parents speak much in praise of the bonny  
lasses of Scotland. A bright idea struck him.  
When he was leaving the office, his clerk was  
copying a duplicate order for sundries to be  
sent as part of the return cargo. He thought  
to himself that he would order a young lassie  
for a wife, as the last item on the list. The  
article was ordered accordingly.

At the same time he wrote a private letter  
of instructions to his agent, Mr. McAlpin,  
giving a minute description of the article he  
wanted, as to age, health, wealth, &c. In  
short she was to be a bonny Scotch lassie;  
to be sent on the return of his own ship; her  
name to be on the manifest, bill of lading, &c.  
He promised, on arriving, to have her stored in  
the house of a respectable widow, whom he  
named, and if agreeable to the parties concern-  
ed, he would make her his wife in thirty days  
after her arrival. If not, and she wished to

return, he would pay all expenses, loss of time,  
&c.

When Sandy McAlpin had finished read-  
ing his letter of instructions, he slowly remov-  
ed his spectacles, muttered to himself:

"The lad," (his correspondent, who was 30  
years old,) "is *draft*; he tells me to send him  
a wife, as if she were a barrel o' salt herrings;  
*guide keus the fash* (trouble) I was at to get a  
wife for myself. I'll see what the good wife  
says; (a bright idea.)

Next day Mrs. McAlpin sat in council with  
Mrs. A. and B. Invitations were sent to ten  
matrons, whose daughters were in and out of  
teens; to assemble at Mrs. McAlpin's tea-board.  
Each matron was requested to bring with her  
a daughter who was not o'er young to marry yet.  
All being present an hour before tea,  
Mr. McAlpin read the letter and made an ex-  
planation. They then sat down to tea. Af-  
ter tea each lass gave in her ultimatum, when  
it was found that only three were willing to ac-  
cept the offer. These three agreed to draw  
lots, to decide the preference. Mary Robinson  
drew the longest straw, and was hailed as the  
bonny bride.

In ten days thereafter they set sail for Amer-  
ica. They entered Chesapeake Bay after a  
voyage of twelve weeks, and in two days more  
they were in James River. When Mr. Craw-  
ford, our hero, heard of the arrival of the ship,  
he, with four servants, repaired to the wharf.—  
Mary was standing on the quarter deck, admir-  
ing nature's wildest grandeur. She had recover-  
ed from her seasickness when four days out.—  
The healthful breeze of the broad Atlantic had  
imprinted on her pretty face a beautiful fresh-  
ness. There she stood, her cheek tinged with  
the roses of Sherron, and her bonny brow white  
as a lily of the valley. Crawford sprang on  
deck, and was introduced by the captain. He  
looked on Mary with love and admiration; her  
soft hand lay in his; he was *shot*!

They all descended from the ship, and repair-  
ed to the mansion of the widow aforesaid. On  
the thirteenth day of probation, the lovers were  
united in the holy bonds of wedlock. In con-  
clusion, the sprightly though venerable widow  
remarked, that a happier couple were never  
linked together.

### Raising the Dead.

A few nights ago a medical friend of ours  
was quietly sitting down in his office after the  
cares and fatigues of the day, enveloped in a  
capacious dressing-gown and puffing away at  
a highly perfumed cigar, and meditating upon  
the mutability of human affairs, when he heard  
voices in the street and soon a knocking at his  
door. Leisurely getting up and opening it, he  
discovered three men, two of them in very  
thick coats with round glazed caps upon their  
heads and clubs in their hands, and the third,  
who was supported between them, was in ap-  
parently a dying condition, groaning out—

"Oh, I'm killed! I'm killed!"  
"Docthor," exclaimed one of the watchmen,  
"this man says he's killed, and we want you  
to examine him and see if his story is correct  
or no."

"Oh, I'm sure I'm killed," said the man.  
"If you're sure of it what would you be  
seeing the docthor an' axing him questions  
for?" said the watchman. "If you're dead,  
be quiet while I tell the docthor! Ye see, doct-  
tor, he's been in a little bit of a scrimmage up  
here and got a bad cut on his pate and it 'ud  
be better for you to fix it."

The doctor assented, and the patient was  
brought in and deposited in a chair by the  
watchmen, who went outside while he exam-  
ined the man. He found that he had an ugly  
cut on the forehead which had bled profusely,  
and after taking a stitch or two, washing off  
the blood and putting on a piece of adhesive  
plaster, the doctor told him that he was more  
frightened than hurt, and worth a thousand dead  
men at that moment.

"Well, doctor," said the relieved patient,  
"it was a mighty ugly blow, and knocked me  
over as flat as a shingle, and I thought I was  
a goner. What is your fee, sir for fixing me  
up?"

"Five dollars, sir!" said the doctor.  
"That's your regular fee, is it?"  
"Yes, sir, for a case of the kind."

"Well, doctor, here's a V, and I'm much  
obliged to you to boot. Now, sir, will you be  
kind enough to tell me where that little door at  
the side of your office leads to?"  
"Certainly," replied the doctor, pocketing  
his fee; "that leads to an alley!"

"And where does that alley lead to?"  
"It leads into the street."  
"Ah! will you permit me to go out that  
way?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the doctor; any  
way you choose, sir."  
"I'm very much obliged to you, sir," said  
the patient, "and if I ever have need of medi-  
cal services, I shall always call on you. Good  
night, doctor!"

"Good night, sir," said the doctor, and the  
patient walked out of the side door.

A moment after the doctor heard a voice at  
the alley gate, saying—  
"Hullo, watchmen, what are you doing  
there?"

"Waiting for a man that got kilt, sir, an' his  
head split open, the docthor's fixing him up and  
we're waitin' to take him off to the watch-  
house for fighting and disturbing the peace."

"Oh, ho!" said the voice, "that's it, is it!  
Well, the docthor's not got near through yet—  
it's a pretty bad job. Won't you go and take  
a drink and come back again?"

"Thank ye, no; we'll not dare to leave for  
fear he'd go away from us."  
"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the voice, and the  
owner of it walked off.

The doctor began to feel as if he had acted  
a little hastily and perhaps got himself into a  
scrape, and in a few minutes a watchman po-

ked his head into the door, and commenced—  
"Well, docthor, he is—" but seeing the  
doctor alone in the room, exclaimed—"Where's  
the man?"

"What, the man you brought in here?"

"Yis."

"Oh, he's gone—went some time ago."

"Gone! and where is he gone to?"

"He may have gone to the de'il for all I  
know," replied the doctor, coolly.

"Oh, bad luck o it. Which way did he  
go?"

"He went out of that door, there, which  
leads into the alley."

"And where does the alley lead to?"

"Into the street."

"Oh, thunder and turf! and sure that was  
the blackguard that axed us to go drink with  
him," said the watchman, turning to his com-  
panion, "and we didn't know him. Docthor,  
he is the last dead subject we'll ever bring for  
you to work over. Come Jim, maybe we'll  
overtake him."

Saying which the door was closed, and the  
pair of carrier pigeons retired in great dis-  
comfiture.—[N. O. Picayune.

CARRYING CONCEALED WEAPONS.—Within  
the last few years our criminal jurisprudence  
has exhibited a marked increase in the number  
of offences originating in the use of "concealed  
weapons," either in street broils, or as a resort  
in a sudden fray. The year last past has been  
singularly prolific of offenders of this sort.—  
And and at every term of court, assaults with  
intent to kill, in which deadly weapons have  
been taken from the person for use, and actual  
homicides comprise much too large a pro-  
portion of the indictments for the credit of our  
city and the restrictive authority of law. The  
evil should be resolutely encountered, especial-  
ly in view of the fact that the infliction of the  
penalty due to the offence is notoriously pre-  
carious; and the administration of the law, from  
circumstances which cannot be defined, often  
partial and unequal. An acquittal in one case,  
a conviction of man-slaughter in another, and  
of murder in a third, may occur, when there is  
really, if any, a scarcely perceptible difference  
between the cases. Some technical distinction  
or minor incident, may produce a marked dis-  
parity in the results of the trials; and with a  
full report of the facts in the case, the public  
confidence is abused, while the lawless are en-  
couraged in their vicious propensity by the  
probabilities of escape, as they are magnified  
by every acquittal. The evil will inevitably  
increase, unless some stringent measures are  
applied to restrain it.

Shall these measures be preventive of penal  
Penal they must be to be preventive. But shall  
we make the penal applicable to the detection  
of the party carrying concealed weapons, or  
using them? We believe that a just consid-  
eration of the matter, in all its relations to the  
good of society, including the question of indi-  
vidual rights, will secure universal assent to the  
former. And if this opinion prevails with the  
legislature, we hope to see it take form and sub-  
stance; at an early day, in a stringent enact-  
ment prohibitory of the carrying concealed  
weapons.

The practice, at present, is almost if not  
quite universal with those who constitute the  
worst part of our population; and it prevails  
to a great extent among those who do not con-  
template the familiar resort to them, and who  
lay claim to respectability of character; while  
not a few carry, occasionally, and particularly  
if accustomed by reason of business or plea-  
sure of late hours, some weapon as a means of  
defence in case of an unprovoked assault, or is-  
sue of force with rowdiness upon the way. Of  
course, all this is wrong; utterly unbefitting  
the vaunted civilization of the day, and repug-  
nant to the most ordinary sense of social pro-  
priety. It evinces a low state of morals—a  
sort of brute condition of mind, which contem-  
plates in its own nature the perpetual strife of  
the species, and stalks abroad, armed for a  
contest, in which the victory is to consist in a  
human being wounded or slain.

We think there is a sufficiency of moral pow-  
er in this community, with the aid of the legis-  
lature, to abate, if not finally to extirpate this  
rooted evil. The citizens of Baltimore are tired  
of it; our criminal court revolts at the task  
which it imposes upon its jurisdiction; and  
none will question the sincerity of that senti-  
ment which every intelligent and reflecting  
member of society levels against it. We do  
not think it necessary to speak of the general  
good which would flow from the suppression  
of the practice. There is no immorality com-  
mon to any community, but its discontinuance,  
from any cause, is conducive to the welfare of  
all. And upon this principle, the evil of which  
we complain should be encountered with firm-  
ness and decision, and the most favorable re-  
sults may be anticipated with confidence.—  
Baltimore Sun.

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.—The  
correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Com-  
merce, referring to the rumors of important dis-  
patches from Paris to our Government, says  
that the only question that can give rise to any  
difficulty between the two countries, relates to  
the Sandwich Island. Should France persist  
in the demands made on those Islands, and en-  
force them, as she has threatened to do, serious  
collision will arise. For, in last July, our Gov-  
ernment notified the French, in a special dis-  
patch that we would not permit, without inter-  
ference any attempt on the part of France to  
take possession of those Islands, or to estab-  
lish her power over them. The President in  
his last message showed that it is the necessary  
policy of this Government to preserve the in-  
dependence of those Islands.

ORIGINAL CON.—Why is a snow bank like a  
thrifty tree? Because it "leaves" in the  
spring.